

*The second part of*

the Ieman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

*Falst.* Well said master Scilens.

*Scilens* And we shall be mery, now comes in the sweete a th night.

*Falst.* Health and long life to you master Scilens.

*Scilens* Fill the cuppe, and let it come, ile pledge you a mile too th bottome.

*Shal.* Honest Bardolfe, welcome, if thou wantst any thing, and wilt not call, befhrew thy heart, welcome my little tiny theefe, and welcome indeede too, He drink to master Bardolfe, and to all the cabileros about London.

*Dany* I hope to see London once ere I die.

*Bar.* And I might see you there Dany!

*Shal.* By the mas youle crack a quarte together, ha will you not master Bardolfe?

*Bar.* Yea fir, in a pottle pot.

*Sha.* By Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!

*Bar.* And ile stick by hun fir. *One knockes at doore.*

*Sha.* Why there spoke a King: lacke nothing, be mery, looke who s at doore there ho, who knockes?

*Falst.* Why now you haue done me right.

*Scilens* Do me right, and dub me Knight, samingo: ist not so?

*Falst.* Tis so.

*Scilens* Ist so, why then say an olde man can do somewhat.

*Dany* And t please your worship, theres one Pistoll come from the court with newes.

*Falst.* From the Court? let him come in, how now Pistol?

*Pistol* Sir Iohn God saue you.

*Falst.* What wind blew you hither Pistol?

*Pistol* Not the ill wind which blowes no man to good: sweete Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this Realme.

*Scilens* Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barfon.

*Pisto* Puffe? Puffe ith thy teeth, most recreant coward, base, fir Iohn, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, and helter skelter, haue

I

*Henry the fourth.*

I rode to thee, and tidings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden times, and happy newes of price.

*Iohn* I pray thee now deliuer them like a man of this world.

*Pistol* A footte for the world and worldlings base, I speake of Affrica and golden ioyes.

*Iohn* O base Affirian Knight! what is thy newes? let King Couetua know the truth thereof.

*Scilens* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

*Pistol* Shal dunghill curs confront the Helicons? and shall good newes be baffled? then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lap.

*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pistol* Why then lament therefore.

*Shal.* Giue me pardon fir, if fir you come with newes from the court, I take it theres but two waies, either to vtter them, or concale them, I am fir vnder the King in some authoritie.

*Pistol* Vnder which King, Besonian? speake, or die.

*Shal.* Vnder King Harry.

*Pistol* Harry the fourth, or fift?

*Shal.* Harry the fourth.

*Pist* A fowtre for thine office: fir Iohn, thy tender lambkin now is King: Harry the fifts the man: I speake the truth: when Pistoll lies, do this, and fig me, like the bragging spaniard.

*Falst.* What is the old King dead?

*Pistol* As nayle in doore, the things I speake are iust.

*Shal.* Away Bardolfe, saddle my horse, M. Robert Shallow, I choole what office thou wilt in the land, tis thine: Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O ioyful day! I would not take a Knight for my fortune.

*Pistol* What? I do bring good newes.

*Falst.* Carry master Scilens to bed: master Shallow, my lord Shalow, be what thou wilt, I am fortunes steward, get on thy boots, weel ride al night: o sweet Pistol, away Bardolf, com Pistol, vtter more to me, and withall, deuise something to doe thy selfe good, boote, boote master Shallow, I know the yong

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King